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When I consider the geographical position of the United States with respect to Mexico, with respect to the Pacific Coast States of Latin America, with reference to the Pacific Coast provinces of China with their teeming millions of population now dependent on Europe to provide them with the necessities, and that Europe to gain the trade of the Orient must cross two oceans, while the United States will cross but one, I am convinced that the Great Master of the Universe has designed the American Republic to eventually become the one transcendent civilization of the world.—John H. Kirby, at Seattle.

The Telegram says it is never hot in Portland. No, not outside of a council meeting.

It is to be hoped that Joseph Pulitzer finds a way to control the thirst for liquor, the inclination to write poetry, and the propensity to borrow, in preparing the course for his department of journalism in Columbia University. These are the three besetting sins of the profession, as practiced today.

If General Miles could become governor of Massachusetts, it is thought he would then stand a show for the presidency. It is a long step down, from General Miles, the soldier, to Governor Miles, the politician, and his friends may not stand for the humiliation, although a sip of the presidential nectar be the prize.

Roosevelt turns off the accident to the war vessels in the naval maneuvers with characteristic spirit. He says if the navy department is afraid to scratch the paint off the old boats, it was time the people were finding it out. The boats and battleships were made for service, and if a slight jar in a mimic war is going to put them out of commission, they have no business lining up in front of an enemy.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with American civilization is that every important record of the nation and every scrap of history, is preserved on paper. A great fire or inundation, extensive enough in scope, would completely obliterate all written records of the nation. In the sands of Egypt, the professors of Stanford University are unearthing tablets containing written history over 4,000 years old. There is not a record written on any substance in this country, which would stand such a test. It would be possible to wipe the record of the American people off the face of the earth, but there is no immediate probability of such an occurrence.

Since the first dawn of European history, the brigand races of the Balkans have been as a nest of scorpions to the civilized people surrounding them. No nation, or class of people within reach of them, has been safe from their fiendish, fanatical attacks. They have opposed every civilizing influence and have murdered every civilized person left unprotected in their midst. The thing for Europe to do, it seems, is to unite on the total extermination of the little nest of vermin, composing the Balkan tribes—they should not be called governments—and until this is done, murder, war, rapine, butchery, atrocity and outrage will be the record of each succeeding season.

THE SEATTLE CONGRESS.

Over 800 delegates from the Western States are now assembled in the city of Seattle, for the purpose of discussing Western subjects.

The Trans-Mississippi Congress, now in session there, is thought by many people to be just a pleasure junket for a few prominent men, and a sightseeing excursion to the Pacific Coast.

But it is far from being an idle excursion. Some of the most vital commercial and industrial subjects now before the people are being discussed, and from this congress will go numerous committees to the national congress and to state legislatures on missions of greatest import to the West.

Among the great topics now being discussed are the opening of the Columbia river, the most feasible method of reclaiming the arid land of the West, the admission of the territories to statehood, the means of attracting foreign trade for Pacific Coast products, and the settlement of the 17 strictly arid states and territories, with a thrifty, homeloving, contented class of people, which will convert the deserts into busy communities, and lay the foundations for a Western civilization equal in all the essentials to that found on the Atlantic coast.

The mission of the congress cannot be better expressed than by quoting a portion of the opening address of the president:

"The Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress was conceived in the fact that the states on the Atlantic seaboard were receiving a greater share of benefactions from the general government than those contributory to the Gulf and the Pacific, and that an unofficial body, representing in concrete form the hopes and ambitions of a mighty people, populating an area that embraced two-thirds of the then territory of the United States and producing approximately 70 per cent of its exports, could be made a potential factor in directing the American congress to an impartial distribution of the favors of government.

"Then the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress was sectional. It was so in obedience to the law of economic necessity. But it is not so now, for whosoever participates in the life of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress is an evangel of American industry called to preach the doctrine of American pre-eminence. The congress was organized to bring transportation facilities to the producers of the larger part of the nation's domestic and export wealth, who toil in the cotton and grain fields, in the lumber, the iron, the coal, and the oil regions, and in the silver and lead and copper and gold mines of the West; to command the aid of the government in fostering the agricultural possibilities of vast areas that with irrigation will give richer reward to the husbandman's patient labor than any other upon the earth's surface; to effect the development of harbors on the Gulf and Pacific coasts and to conserve the tremendous energies of the Mississippi River.

"These problems are all in process of solution, and the duty of the government is become so obvious that no one can shirk it."

The millers of North Dakota and Minnesota have just held a rousing meeting and adopted strong resolutions favoring reciprocity with every country importing American flour. If these same millers were asked about the tariff on articles in which they were not interested in, it is safe to say they would favor a high rate. But when you reverse the order, and touch the pocket of the American manufacturer, the high tariff becomes a source of grief to him. A high tariff is the acme of selfishness, as is proved by this very instance. The American manufacturer wants all the advantage, both ways. He wants protection if he sells abroad, and yet wants a prohibitive tariff against all foreign goods which are sold in this country. It is a case of "heads you lose, tails I win."

The first report of Chief Hydrographer F. H. Newell, on the progress of reclamation in the West, will be issued soon. In this report Mr. Newell will say that settlers should not become excited, in view of the fact that irrigation surveys are being made on different tracts in the West. These surveys are purely preliminary, or experimental and none of the tracts set aside may be finally accepted for the establishment of government

works. The matter of government irrigation is now in the formative period, and the department in charge is taking cautious steps in order to finally locate upon the most feasible plans, first. It is very costly and discouraging to the government to make mistakes in matters of such importance to the people, and for this reason no definite information is being given out by those in authority.

INTERVIEWING PRESIDENTS.

William McKinley was the most easily approached of presidents. The writer never heard of a declination by him of a single request by a newspaper man for a personal meeting. Indeed, it seemed to distress him to be obliged to postpone the call of a visiting newspaper man, although the change may have been made for the best reasons. He was always eager to meet either individual newspaper men or the entire body of correspondents, and he had so good a memory for faces and names that he seemed to be an familiar speaking terms with nearly every one of the 175 correspondents on service in the capital for the most prominent newspapers.

He made a point of remembering something of interest to every newspaper visitor. His caller always found him affable. If he appeared to hold the questioner off by deftly turning the questioner himself, he often reversed the positions skillfully, and let the caller go away without finding it out. Sometimes it seemed as if a long talk with President McKinley left nothing for the visitor except the recollection of a conversation with a most amiable gentleman, all smiles, who had got all the opinions held by the caller and given none of his own.

To the writer, whom President Roosevelt has tried and found a safe custodian of state secrets, he is perhaps rather too communicative, burdening his hearer with details that he must carefully guard himself against involuntarily sending to his paper. But it may turn out with Mr. Roosevelt as it did with the late Mr. Bayard. That gentleman, after a very long experience with newspaper men as senator, secretary of state, and ambassador, said one day that he had never been betrayed by any newspaper man except once, and that instance of abuse of confidence was so lonely that he regarded it as the exception that proved the rule.—E. G. Dunne in Leslie's Weekly.

NO WAY TO FREEDOM.

This is no way to freedom: to smite down  
Some unoffending head that wears a crown—  
Only to set it on a sterner brow.  
Not I of those who dream the world's release  
Will come by the soft processes of peace,  
Or the pacific compromise of power;  
And when at last dawns the stern bloody hour,  
When the slave stands with rifle in hand,  
And sweeps the master from the stolen land,  
I too would hold a rifle in my hand,  
But when that day dawns we shall fight like men,  
Glad men that laugh because at last they see  
So close the blazing eyes of those they hate—  
In honesty of hate his life is ours,  
His death or ours in honesty of hate,  
We shall not sting an unsuspecting heel,  
Or fire into an unprotected breast:  
This is no way to freedom—it were best  
Another hundred years to wait and wait,  
Then flash into the sun the fearless steel.  
—Richard Le Gallienne.

BY LOTUS LAKE.

Behind the slopes of Windham wood  
The Autumn sun sinks low;  
Its disk of fire as red as blood  
Flames up like blazing tow.  
The hilltop's shadow steals across  
The gleam of Lotus Lake;  
A deep mysterious, mirrored gloss  
The evening waters take.  
From smooth, reflecting depths  
Shines back  
The sun's red ball of fire.  
A golden path its dazzling track  
To home of dear desire,  
The woodland's gay kaleidoscope  
Of changing foliage,  
From crimson hardwoods on the slope  
To birch at water's edge,  
Betokens one more passing year  
With all its golden chain  
Of links of hope and links of fear,  
Of links of joy or pain.  
Come rain or snow, come foul or fair  
O'er Windham's wooded way;  
Come breeze caress or wintry air  
Lash Lotus Lake to spray;  
It's one to us, the dark or bright;  
Year follows year; day turns to night,  
Life passes, grave or gay.  
—Frank Farrington, in Field and Stream.

The millers of North Dakota and Minnesota in convention at Fargo, passed resolutions indorsing reciprocity between the United States and all countries importing American flour.

A CASCADE JINGLE.

I know a little mountain nook,  
A pictured page in Nature's book;  
Within a canyon purple deep  
Where romping waters dance and leap,  
And sunshine glinting through the leaves  
Its lace-like shadowy pattern weaves,  
Or in the cascade fades away,  
Faint rainbow spirit of the spray  
There, darkling pools by zephyrs kissed  
Show dimples edged with amethyst,  
And ripples gleaming in the sun,  
Where limped waters murmuring run,  
And laughing softly, show beneath  
The milk-white pebbles of their teeth,  
Three bluebells ring, and there, perchance,  
On moonlight nights the fairies dance  
To perfumed music, and some sprite  
May wear yon lady-slipper, white;  
Quaint, dainty sabot, made to suit  
Some fairy Cinderella's foot.  
Yon crimson columbine—who knows  
What call its gold-lined trumpet blows  
In tones too faint for human ken,  
But heard by each wee denizen?  
An emerald bank, moss grown and cool,  
Doubles itself within the pool;  
And in its shadow darkly deep,  
The lazy trout lies fast asleep,  
'Till wakened by the dropping flies  
He ventures on a sudden rise,  
A gleam of pink, and nothing more  
But wave rings widening to the shore;  
But yet, enough to break the spell  
The fairies weave around the dell,  
From dreamland countries—far away,  
—J. H. Cradlebaugh, Salem Journal.

A feature of Iowa's dairy exhibit at the World's Fair will be a statue in honor of John Stewart, the pioneer creamery man of that state. It will be life-size and will be kept frozen in a glass case through the exposition.

BLIND-FOLD.



Blindfold a woman and she loses all confidence in herself. Her step is slow, hesitating and uncertain. Her hands are raised to ward the imaginary blows which threaten her. When a sick woman seeks the means of health she is often like a woman blindfold. She has no confidence. She cannot tell what her effort will lead to. She turns now to this side and then to the other in uncertainty and doubt.

The sick woman who uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription may do so with absolute confidence. It invites open-eyed investigation. There need be no hesitation in following the hundreds of thousands of women who have found a perfect cure for womanly ills in the use of this medicine.

"Favorite Prescription" cures irregularity and dries weakening drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"With a heart full of gratitude to you for sending out over the land your wonderful medicine I send these few lines, hoping that some poor suffering woman will try Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mrs. Cora L. Root, of Greenspring, Pa., Washington Co., Maryland. "I had suffered severely from female weakness and had to be in bed a great deal of the time. Had headache, backache, and pain in left side when lying down. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and had not taken two bottles when I was able to be around again and do my work with but little pain. Can now eat anything and it never hurts me any more. Have taken seven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and one of his 'Compound Extract of Sarsaparil' and several vials of his 'Pain-Expeller.' Feeling better every day. My husband says I look better every day."  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

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